

Well postaway

US Patriot To The End

*funeral
12/4/62*

Mooradian Dies At 107

Tatiros Mooradian told several of his children gathered at his bedside last night, "It is getting late; you'd better go home now."

A few hours later, at the age of 107, Mooradian closed his eyes and went to sleep forever.

It was just as he had predicted it would be on nearly every one of his last several birthdays. He always said he would not be around for the next one. But he always was, through the last one on August 13th.

Mooradian's usual vigor started to wane a few months ago. About two weeks ago, he was noticeably failing, but was in good spirits when his three sons and four daughters gathered in the California Home for the Armenian Aged to spend Thanksgiving Day with him.

Last night, when some of them again gathered at his bedside, he talked, mostly about a half brother, Nishon Ohanian, who had been ill. Mooradian did not know it, but Ohanian died November 23rd, at the age of 83.

"You take good care of Nishon," Tatiros said. "He's in bad shape."

On his 107th birthday, Mooradian had few complaints, other than that it was getting progressively harder to get out of his wheelchair, and that he had had to give up cigarettes. He smoked a package a day for many



Tatiros Mooradian

almost every day. When he was not otherwise occupied, he played on the violin, and chain smoked cigarettes. His eyesight began to fail in 1957, but he continued his daily walks to town in spite of it. Frequently he became lost, but always someone was on hand to show him the way home.

Finally, in 1960, he was moved to the Armenian home on East Kings Canyon Road. A year later he was hurried to a hospital but stayed only a few days. Doctors diagnosed his illness as caused by a virus.

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Mooradian came to the United States from his native Armenia in 1888, and settled, briefly, in New York City. Later, he opened a bakery in Cambridge, Mass., and operated it for 20 years. He gave it up in 1908 and came to Fresno, bringing with him the family - he had managed to get out of his homeland and away from the marauding Turks.

For several years he ranned near Fresno, growing grapes and drying them into raisins. He liked to talk about the time when raisins sold for 2½ cents a pound.

Even after retirement, he kept busy at growing things. His particular prize was a plot of Persian melons.

His particular peeve was anyone who failed in loving the country of his adoption.

"I think the Red Chinese and the Bolsheviks are bad people," he said in an interview in 1954. "This country is good. I wanted to fight for it in both World Wars, but everyone told me I was too old."

Mooradian sent his three sons to the army and told them: "Get in and fight hard. Show everyone who doesn't like the United States where they can go . . ."

The American Flag he had tattooed on his arm in 1888 had faded but little when he died.

His wife, Shareston Hadoian Mooradian, died in 1954 at the age of 87.

For many years after that, Mooradian lived alone. He walked to downtown Fresno

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Last year, he entertained at his own birthday party. He played his violin and sang some folk songs of the old country.

He is survived by three sons, Mose Mooradian of Fresno; Charles Moore of Sacramento, and Harry Moore of Yountville, Napa County; four daughters, Mrs. Agnes Gogoo of Fowler; Mrs. Mary Janigian, Mrs. Roxie Mosesian and Mrs. Dorothy Malazian all of Fresno.

He also leaves 13 grandchildren, seven great grandchildren and four great great grandchildren.

The Yost & Webb Mortuary is in charge of funeral rites, which probably will be held Tuesday in the church he attended for years, the Holy Trinity Armenian Apostolic Church.

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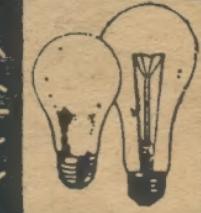
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